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IV.—PSYCHIATRY.

THE INSANITY OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

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J. J. Rousseau's Krankheitsgeschichte. P. J. MÖBIUS. Leipzig, F. C. W. Vogel, 1889.

Rousseau. JOHN MORLEY. London, Macmillan & Co., 1886.

The Confessions of J. J. Rousseau. HÉDOUIN EDITION.

The part played by mental disease in religion in the past has been a tremendous one, and is coming to be recognized more year by year, but the part that insanity has taken in political movements, although it has been considerable, has not been so well understood. In Rousseau the two rôles of reformer in religion and in politics were united as perhaps they have been in no other one individual, for we are still in ignorance of what will be the end of that battle for human freedom which began under his leadership over a century ago. That Rousseau was insane is generally, if not universally admitted, but the period of disease is usually limited to the latter years of his life when the disorder became patent to every one from his accusations against Hume. That Rousseau was insane all his life might be thought a thesis impossible to maintain; but as a matter of fact, his life as set forth in the *Confessions* and *Reveries*, with the side lights thrown on these by other writers and commentators, forms as perfect a clinical picture of a well recognized form of mental disease as there is in literature. The literature of psychiatry in itself contains nothing that approaches this in accurate description of symptoms, analysis of character, and the persecutions suffered by a chronic lunatic.

During the past few years there has been a great and rapid increase of Rousseau literature, as more and more attention has been paid to the remote causes of movements that are now going on among us.

Dr. Möbius has written the history of Rousseau's disease more fully than it has ever been written before, and has given the story of the evolution of his malady from its very beginnings. His book is of special interest to the alienist, as he discusses many points of a purely medical interest. Mr. Morley has also written a history of Rousseau's disease, which is all the more valuable because of the author's ignorance that the details he gives and the criticisms he makes tell with such deadly force against his subject. Morley protests that he does not wish to turn poor Rousseau over to the pathologists too soon, but in fact he turns him over to them from the moment of his birth. It is but fair that before we make Morley turn pathologist we should give him a chance as historian to state the case for Rousseau, and he does this so vigorously and so brilliantly that all must acknowledge the debt that humanity is under to the poor sufferer.

"The Revolution is now the accepted name for a set of changes which began faintly to take a definite practical shape, first in America and then in France, towards the end of the eighteenth century; they had first been directly prepared by a small number of energetic thinkers, whose speculations represented, as always, the prolongation of some old lines of thought in obedience to the impulse of new social and intellectual conditions. . . . Rousseau was the most directly revolutionary of all the speculative precursors, and he was the first to apply his mind boldly to those of the social conditions which the revolution is concerned by one solution or another to modify. How far his direct influence was disastrous in consequence of a mischievous method we shall

have to examine. It was so various that no single answer can comprehend an exhaustive judgment. His writings produced that glow of enthusiastic feeling in France, which led to the all-important assistance rendered by that country to the American colonists in a struggle so momentous for mankind. It was from his writings that the Americans took the ideas and the phrases of their great charter, thus uniting the native principles of their own direct protestantism with principles that were strictly derivative from the protestantism of Geneva. Again, it was his work more than that of any other one man, that France arose from the deadly decay that had laid hold of her whole system, and found that irresistible energy that warded off division from within and partition from without. We shall see, further, that besides being the first immediately revolutionary thinker in politics, he was the most stirring of reactionists in religion. His influence formed not only Robespierre and Paine, but Chateaubriand, not only Jacobinism, but the Catholicism of the Restoration. Thus he did more than any one else at once to give direction to the first episodes of revolution, and force to the first episode of reaction. . . . The personality of Rousseau has most equivocal and repulsive ideas. It has deservedly fared ill in the esteem of the saner and more rational of those who have judged him, and there is none in the history of the famous men and our spiritual fathers who begat us, who makes more constant demands on the patience or pity of those who study his life. Yet in no other instance is the common eagerness to condense all predication about a character into a single unqualified proposition so fatally inadequate. . . . We may forget much in our story that is grievous or hateful, in reflecting that if any man now deems a day basely spent in which he has given no thought to the hard life of garret and hovel, to the forlorn children and trampled women of wide squalid wildernesses in cities, it was Rousseau who first in our modern time sounded a new trumpet note for one more of the great battles of humanity. It was in Rousseau that polite Europe first harkened to strange voices and faint reverberations from out of the vague and cavernous shadow in which the common people move. Science has to feel the way towards light and solution, to prepare, to organize; but the race owes something to one who helped to state the problem, writing up in letters of flame at the brutal feast of kings and the rich that civilization is as yet only a mockery, and did furthermore inspire a generation of men and women with the stern resolve that they would rather perish than live in a world where such things can be."

Humanity is indeed under a great debt to the man of whom all these things are true, and it will help us to a more charitable view of him to study the conditions under which he did his work, and how handicapped he was from his birth. Morley tells Rousseau's life-history so vividly, and analyzes and sums up his character so justly, that we shall allow him to tell the story in large part, with comments from time to time on what the signification is to the mental pathologist.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born in Geneva in 1712. His mother was the daughter of a Geneva minister; she was possessed of much sensibility, was fond of drawing and music, was well read and made verses. "I cost my mother her life," wrote Rousseau, "and my birth was the first of my woes." The child was born dying, and was saved only by the affectionate care of a paternal aunt, but his constitution remained infirm and disordered. There was no known tendency to mental disease on his mother's side; but on the father's side there was an hereditary taint. Rousseau was born with a congenital malformation of the bladder, but Möbius does not think that this can with certainty be looked on as a sign of degeneration. There is no evidence of any other signs of physical degeneration. "The father of Rousseau," says Morley, "was unfortunately cast in the same mould as his mother, and the child's own

morbid sensibility was stimulated and deepened by the excessive sensibility of his first companion. . . . Isaac Rousseau's restlessness, his eager emotion, his quick and punctilious sense of personal dignity, his heedlessness of ordered affairs, were not common in Geneva, fortunately for the stability of her society and the prosperity of her citizens. This disorder of spirit descended in modified form to the son; it was inevitable that he should be indirectly affected by it. Before he was seven years old he had learnt from his father to indulge a passion for the reading of romances. The child and the man passed whole nights in a fictitious world, reading to one another in turn, absorbed by vivid interest in imaginary situations until the morning song of the birds recalled them to a sense of the conditions of more actual life, and made the elder cry out in confusion that he was the more childish of the two."

"I had no idea of real things," Rousseau wrote, "though all the sentiments were already familiar to me. Nothing had come to me by conception, everything by sensation. These confused emotions striking me one after another, did not warp a reason that I did not yet possess, but they gradually shaped in me a reason of another cast, and gave me bizarre and romantic ideas of human life, of which neither reflection nor experience has ever been able wholly to cure me."

After the romances they read Plutarch, Tacitus and Ovid, and Rousseau, at the age of ten, actually conceived himself to be the Greek or Roman hero of whom he read. That his after life was ever clouded by the evil knowledge he acquired at school, and by the abnormally early birth of the passions, must be freely admitted. But his school life is also memorable in an agreeable manner, for it is possible to trace back to that period his resistance to injustice and wrongful suffering. He was placed under suspicion of having broken the teeth of a comb that did not belong to him. Severe punishment followed, but without bringing out an untrue confession of guilt. "The first sentiment of violence and injustice has remained so deeply engraved on my soul that all the ideas relating to it bring my first emotion back to me; this sentiment, though only relative to myself in its origin, has taken such consistency and become so disengaged from all personal interest, that my heart is inflamed at the sight or story of any wrongful action, just as much as if the effect fell on my own person. When I read of the cruelty of some ferocious tyrant, or the subtle atrocities of some villain of a priest, I would fain start on the instant to poinard such wretches, though I were to perish a hundred times for the deed. . . . This movement may be natural to me, and I believe it is so; but the profound recollection of the first injustice suffered was too long and too fast bound up with it, not to have strengthened it enormously. . . . Here was the term of the serenity of my childish days. From this moment I ceased to enjoy a pure happiness, and I feel even at this day that the reminiscence of the delights of my infancy comes to an end. . . . Even the country lost in our eyes that charm of sweetness and simplicity which goes to the heart; it seemed sombre and deserted, and was as if covered by a veil, hiding its beauties from our sight. We no longer tended our little gardens, our plants, our flowers. We went no more lightly to scratch the earth, shouting for joy as we discovered the germ of the seed we had sown."

"Whatever may be the degree of literal truth in the confessions," says Morley, "the whole course of Rousseau's life forbids us to pass this description by as overcharged or exaggerated. We are conscious in it of a constitutional infirmity. We perceive an absence of healthy power of resistance against moral shock. Such shocks are experienced in many unavoidable forms by all save the dullest natures, when they first come into contact with the sharp tooth of outer circumstance. . . . A vehement objective temperament like Voltaire's is instantly roused

by one of these penetrative stimuli into angry and tenacious resistance. . . . A sensitive or depressed spirit like Rousseau's or Cowper's finds itself without any of these reacting kinds of force, and the first stage of cruelty or oppression is the going out of a divine light."

It would be hard to find, outside a treatise on insanity, a better description of the neuropathic temperament that foredooms its possessor to a life of unstable equilibrium and almost inevitable mental disease.

After leaving school he spent three years with an uncle in Geneva, losing his time for the most part, but learning something of drawing and something of Euclid.

At the age of eleven he was placed in a notary's office, but was dismissed by his master for dullness and inaptitude; being pronounced stupid and incompetent past hope by his fellow clerks. He was next apprenticed to an engraver. The roughness and coarseness of this man completely demoralized Rousseau, and he sank into a moral slough, telling lies, pilfering things to eat, using his master's best tools by stealth. His master was very cruel, and punishments for these offences produced an overmastering physical horror. In his sixteenth year he ran away.

Making his way to Savoy, he was kindly received by a Catholic priest who was an active proselyter. Rousseau agreed to receive instruction in the matters of the Catholic religion, and was sent by the priest to a Madame de Warens, who in her turn sent him to a monastery in Turin, where, exactly nine days after his admission, he "abjured the errors of the sect." The interest of the priests ended with his conversion, and he was set adrift with twenty francs. His wanderings do not concern us, but one incident throws a lurid gleam on his moral condition at this time. He had been a footboy in the household of a widow, and on her death a piece of ribbon was missing; Rousseau had stolen it, and it was found in his possession, but he accused a young maid of giving it to him, and repeated the story in her presence before the whole household. The dread of suffering was doubtless the cause of this baseness, but it shows the extent of the degeneration that was going on within him. He afterwards lamented greatly his unjust accusation, and as usual probably overestimated the evil that befell the maid in consequence of his accusation. A period of six weeks' wandering followed, when he obtained another position as lackey, but was dismissed for reckless neglect of duty. Once more he becomes a vagrant, and in the company of a companion starts homeward. Morley quotes Rousseau as saying, in words which shed more light on darker parts of his history than fits of vagrancy,—“To understand my delirium at this moment it is necessary to know to what a degree my heart is subject to get aflame with the smallest things, and with what force it plunges into the imagination of the object that attracts it, vain as this object may be. The most grotesque, the most childish, the maddest schemes come to caress my favorite idea, and to show me the reasonableness of surrendering to it.”

Rousseau's youth properly ends here. His wanderings ended by his being received again by Madame de Warens, and the history of his connection with her belongs to his biography and not especially to the history of his disease, except that all that followed while he was with her was made possible by his temperament and by the vacillating weakness, emotionality and sensibility shown in his growth from boyhood to youth.

We shall let Morley characterize him at this period, just before he comes under the influence of Madame de Warens: “A vagrant sensuous temperament, strangely compounded with Genevese austerity; an ardent and fantastic imagination, incongruously shot with threads of firm reason; too little conscience and too much; a monstrous and diseased love of self, intertwined with a sincere compassion and keen interest for the great fellowship of his brothers; a wild dreaming of

dreams that were made to look like sanity by the close and specious connection between conclusions and premises, though the premises happened to have the fault of being profoundly unreal: this was the type of character that lay unfolded in the youth who towards the autumn of 1729 reached Annecy, penniless and ragged, throwing himself once more on the charity of the patroness who had given him shelter eighteen months before. Few figures in the world at that time were less likely to conciliate the favor or excite the interest of an observer who had not studied the hidden convulsions of human character deeply enough to know that a boy of eighteen may be sly, sensual, restless, dreamy, and yet have it in him to say things one day which may help to plunge a world into conflagration."

The years with Madame de Warens were the formative ones of his life. Here he acquired his knowledge of books, of the lives of the poor, and of the world's way with them. "Above all his ideal was revolutionized, and the recent dreams of Plutarchian heroism, of grandeur, of princesses, and of a new career full in the world's eye were replaced by a new conception of blessedness of life which never afterwards faded from his vision, and which has held a front place in the imagination of literary Europe ever since."

Rousseau was with Madame de Warens, including various intervals, until April, 1740. His mental condition during this time offers nothing especially noteworthy. The connection with Madame de Warens was broken off permanently when Rousseau was 28. Möbius places the first real outbreak of insanity in 1766, when Rousseau was 54, and last twelve years until his death in 1778. The twenty-six years between 1740 and 1766 we may pass over with but one or two references to his mental condition. The first thing to note is the ease with which he placed his five children by Theresa le Vasseur in the founding asylum, one after another. Möbius refrains from passing any judgment on these acts or their motives. In late years Rousseau tried to remedy this defect, but it was too late.

The circumstances under which he wrote many of his works are especially worthy of note in a study of his mental condition. First came the essay which gained the prize from the Academy of Dijon, *Has the restoration of the sciences contributed to purify or corrupt morals?* Walking in the road one day he saw in a newspaper the announcement of the theme propounded by the Dijon academy. "If ever anything resembled a sudden inspiration, it was the movement that began in me as I read this. All at once I felt myself dazzled by a thousand sparkling lights; crowds of vivid ideas thronged through my mind with a force and confusion that threw me into unspeakable agitation. I felt my head whirling in a giddiness like that of intoxication. A violent palpitation oppressed me; unable to walk for difficulty of breathing, I sank under one of the trees of the avenue, and passed half an hour there in such a condition of excitement that when I arose I saw that the front of my waistcoat was all wet with tears, though I was wholly unconscious of shedding them. Ah! if I could ever have written the quarter of what I saw and felt under that tree, with what clearness should I have brought out all the contradictions of our social system; with what simplicity I should have demonstrated that man is good naturally, and that by institutions only is he made bad."

This was years before the outbreak of insanity that was noticeable to all the world; but we here see another well marked sign of the neuropathic constitution. Rousseau's literary activity began with this ecstatic vision at the foot of the oak. Morley, who devotes more space to the incident than Möbius, admits that "such a transport does not come to us of cool and rational western temperament, but more often to the oriental after lonely sojourning in the wilderness, or in violent reactions

on the road to Damascus and elsewhere. Jean Jacques detected oriental quality in his own nature, and so far as the union of ardor with mysticism, of intense passion with vague dream is to be defined as oriental, he assuredly deserves the name. The ideas stirred in his mind by the Dijon problem suddenly 'opened his eyes (it is Rousseau himself who is speaking), brought order into the chaos of his head, revealed to him another universe. From the active effervescence which this began in his soul came sparks of genius which people saw glittering in his writings through the ten years of fever and delirium, but of which no trace had been seen in him previously, and which would probably have ceased to shine henceforth if he should have chanced to wish to shine after the access was over. Inflamed by the contemplation of these lofty objects he had them incessantly present in his mind. His heart, made hot within him by the idea of future happiness of the human race, and by the honor of contributing to it . . . dictated to him a language worthy of so high an enterprise . . . and for a moment he astonished Europe by productions in which vulgar souls saw only eloquence and brightness of understanding, but in which those who dwell in the ethereal regions recognized with joy one of their own.'

Rousseau counted this moment as the ruin of his life, and that all his misfortune flowed from this, and it may be that there were saner moments in which he recognized that here was the beginning of the trouble that afterwards completely shadowed his life.

For the next thirteen years he was completely mastered by his visions, and almost all his works were written under the influence of such ecstasies as he has described.

From 1744 to 1756 he was in Paris, and during this period his mental disease seems to have advanced but little. He had a position as a cashier in the receiver-general's department. Having an illness which his physicians thought would end fatally in six months, he threw up a position which would in time have made him rich, and undertook to gain his living by copying music. During this period he was reconverted to protestantism.

A new period of his life is marked by his residence at the Hermitage (1756), which was fitted up for him by Madame d'Epinau. Rousseau was never at home in the city,—“having (in Paris) been fifteen years out of my element,”—and his return to the country filled him with transports of delight. His arrival brought on what he truly called a “rural delirium,” lasting some days, in which he was not able to do any work. “My very first care was to surrender myself to the impression of the rustic objects around me. Instead of beginning by arranging things inside my quarters I first set about planning my walks, and there was not a path, nor a copse nor a grove round my cottage which I had not found out before the next day.” On attempting to work, he found this impossible; he was in such a state of exaltation due to his change to the country. “This exaltation was in a different direction from that which had seized him half a dozen years before, when he had discarded the usage and costume of polite society, and had begun to conceive an angry contempt for the manners, maxims and prejudices of his time. Restoration to a more purely sensuous atmosphere softened this austerity. No longer having the vices of a great city before his eyes, he no longer cherished the wrath which they had inspired in him. ‘When I did not see men I did not despise them, and when I had not the bad before my eyes I ceased to hate them. My heart, little made as it was for hate, now did no more than despise their wretchedness and their badness. This state, so much more mild if less sublime, soon dulled the glowing enthusiasm that had long transported me.’ That is to say, his nature remained for a moment not exalted but fairly balanced. And in studying the movements of impulse and reflec-

tion in him at this time of his life, we are hurried rapidly from phase to phase. Once more we are watching a man who lived without either intellectual or spiritual direction, swayed by a reminiscence, a passing mood, a personality accidentally encountered, by anything except permanent aim and fixed objects, and who would at any time have surrendered the most deliberately pondered scheme of persistent effort to the fascination of a cottage slumbering in a bounteous landscape. Hence there could be no normally composed state for him; the first soothing effect of the rich life of the forest and garden on a nature exasperated by the life of the town passed away, and became transformed into an exaltation that swept the stoic into space, leaving sensuousness to sovereign and uncontrolled triumph, until the delight turned to its inevitable ashes and bitterness."

These ecstasies usually took place in the woods, where, accompanied by his dog, he used to go "in search of some wild and desert spot in the forest, where there was nothing to show the hand of man or to speak of servitude and domination; some refuge where I could fancy myself its discoverer, and where no inopportune third person came to interfere between nature and me. My imagination did not leave the earth thus superbly arrayed without inhabitants. I formed a charming society of which I did not feel myself unworthy; I made a golden age to please my own fancy, and filling up these fair days with all the scenes of my life that had left sweet memories behind, or all that my heart could yet desire or hope in scenes to come, I waxed tender even to shedding tears over the true pleasures of humanity, pleasures so delicious, so pure, and henceforth so far from the reach of man. Ah, if in such moments any ideas of Paris, of the age, of my little aureole as author, came to trouble my dreams, with what disdain did I drive them out, to deliver myself without distraction to the exquisite sentiments of which I was so full. Yet in the midst of it all, the nothingness of my chimeras sometimes broke sadly upon my mind. Even if every dream had suddenly been transformed into reality it would not have been enough; I should have dreamed, imagined, yearned still."

He conceived several literary schemes after the first fermentation which followed his arrival was over, but gave them up one after another, and although the effort was partly successful, it was followed by a severe and prolonged crisis. "The impossibility of reaching to real beings plunged me into the land of chimera, and seeing nothing actual that rose to the height of my delirium, I nourished it in an ideal world, which my creative imagination had soon peopled with beings after my heart's desire. In my continual ecstasies, I made myself drunk with torrents of the most delicious sentiments that ever entered the heart of man. Forgetting absolutely the whole human race, I invented for myself societies of perfect creatures, as heavenly for their virtues as their beauties; sure, tender, faithful friends, such as I never found in our nether world. I had such a passion for haunting this empyrean with all its charming objects, that I passed hours and days in it without counting them as they went by; and losing recollection of everything else, I had hardly swallowed a morsel in hot haste, before I began to burn to run off in search of my beloved groves. If, when I was ready to start for the enchanted world I saw unhappy mortals coming to detain me on the dull earth, I could neither moderate nor hide my spleen, and, no longer master over myself, I used to give them greeting so rough that it might well be called brutal."

An attack of physical disease happily brought these raptures to a close for the time. "The moment he could get out of doors again into the forest," says Morley, "the transport returned, but this time accompanied with an active effort in the creative faculties of his mind to bring the natural relief to these over-wrought paroxysms of sensual

imagination. He soothed his emotions by associating them with the life of personages whom he invented, and by introducing into them that play and movement and changing relation which prevented them from bringing his days to an end in malodorous fever. His thought became associated with two female figures, one dark and the other fair, one sage and the other yielding, one gentle and the other quick, analogous in character but different, not handsome but animated by cheerfulness and feeling. To one of these he gave a lover, to whom the other was a tender friend. This vicarious or reflected egoism, accompanied as it was by a certain amount of productive energy, seemed to work a return to a sort of moral convalescence. He walked about the groves with pencil and tablets, assigning this or that thought or expression to one or other of the three companions of his fancy." When the winter came on he was confined to the house by the bad weather, and he attempted to resume his music copying and the compilation of his Musical Dictionary, but he found this impossible, as he could see nothing but the three figures and the objects about them made beautiful by his imagination. He could not dismiss them and resistance was vain, so he began arranging his thoughts "so as to produce a kind of romance." He could not write his romance on anything but the finest paper with gilt edges; the powder with which he dried the ink was of azure and sparkling silver, and he tied up the quires with delicate blue ribbon. Morley admits that the distance of all this from a state of nature is very great indeed. Rousseau appeared fully to recognize his inconsistency in writing a love romance; "after the severe principles I had just been laying down with so much bustle, after the austere maxims I had preached so energetically, after so many biting invectives against the effeminate books that breathed love, could anything be imagined more shocking, more unlooked for, than to see me inscribe myself with my own hand among the very authors on whose books I had heaped this harsh censure? I felt this inconsequence in all its force, I taxed myself with it, I blushed over it, but nothing could restore me to reason." Rousseau added that perhaps on the whole the composition of the *New Heloïsa* was turning his madness to the best account.

The ecstasies and transports of delirium that we have just witnessed were the conditions under which the *New Heloïsa* was begun, in the year 1757; it was finished in the winter of 1759-60. Rousseau was to suffer still further torments during the composition of this romance, but this time the visions were not mere impalpable shadows. The episode of his relations with Madame d'Houdetot was the cause of what Morley truly calls an outbreak of erotic mania. She visited his retreat disguised in male attire with results most disastrous to Rousseau's peace of mind. "A sort of palsy struck him. He lay weeping in his bed at night, and on days when he did not see the sorceress he wept in the woods. He talked to himself for hours, and was of a black humour to his house-mates. When approaching the subject of this deadly fascination, his whole organization seemed to be dissolved. He walked in a dream that filled him with a sense of sickly torture, commixed with sicklier delight." Madame d'Houdetot remained faithful to her lover, Saint Lambert, but Rousseau's duplicity is well shown by a letter to Saint Lambert, after the affair had been noised abroad. "Is it possible that you can have suspected me of wronging you with her, and of turning perfidious in consequence of an unseasonably rigorous virtue? A passage in one of your letters shows a glimpse of some such suspicion. No, no, Saint Lambert, the breast of J. J. Rousseau never held the heart of a traitor, and I should despise myself more than you suppose, if I had even tried to rob you of her heart."

Both Saint Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot were exceedingly kind to Rousseau throughout the whole affair, which shows Rousseau in a

very bad light. It should not be forgotten, however, in drawing a balance between the good and evil in his character at this time that he was suffering tortures from a painful physical disorder. His brooding and egoistic character made it impossible for him to master his pain and rise superior to it. Rousseau had always been unsocial, but now he became bitter, irritable and suspicious. We are approaching the period of his quarrels with Grimm, Madame d'Epinay and Diderot, and it is but right that he should give his own account of his temperament at this time: "In my quality of solitary I am more sensitive than another; if I am wrong with a friend who lives in the world, he thinks of it for a moment, and then a thousand distractions make him forget it for the rest of the day; but there is nothing to distract me as to his wrong toward me; deprived of my sleep, I busy myself with him all night long; solitary in my walks, I busy myself with him from sunrise until sunset; my heart has not an instant's relief, and the harshness of a friend gives me in one day years of anguish. In my quality of invalid, I have a title to the consideration that humanity owes to a man in agony. Who is the friend, who is the good man that ought not to dread to add affliction to an unfortunate wretch tormented with a painful and incurable agony?" Into the details of these quarrels it is not possible to enter here, nor to attempt to settle just how much Rousseau himself was to blame for the troubles that ensued. Grimm had disapproved of Madame d'Epinay's installing Rousseau in the Hermitage, and had warned her that solitude would darken his imagination,—“He is a poor devil who torments himself, and does not dare to confess the true subject of all his sufferings, which is in his cursed head and his pride; he raises up imaginary matters, so as to have the pleasure of complaining of the whole human race.” He assures her several times that Rousseau would end by going mad, it being impossible that so hot and ill-organized a head should endure solitude.

The misunderstandings and quarrels reached such a pitch at last that Rousseau left the Hermitage on Dec. 15, 1757, and moved to a cottage at Montmorency. Ten days before this Diderot went to visit him. Rousseau cried out on seeing him, “What have you come here for?” “I want to know whether you are mad or malicious.” “You have known me for fifteen years; you are well aware how little malicious I am, and I will prove to you that I am not mad: follow me.” He then tried to clear himself, by means of letters, of the charge of trying to make a breach between Saint Lambert and Madame d'Houdetot, but the letters in fact convicted Rousseau of trying to persuade Madame d'Houdetot of the criminality of her relations with her lover, and at the same time to accept himself in the very same relation. Diderot remonstrated, but to no avail, and that night he wrote to Grimm, “I throw myself into your arms like one who has had a shock of fright; that man [Rousseau] intrudes into my work; he fills me with trouble, and I am as if I had a damned soul at my side. May I never see him again; he would make me believe in devils and hell.”

Here closes another chapter of Rousseau's pathetic life, and we may let Morley sum up the story,—“And thus the unhappy man who had begun this episode of his life with confident ecstasy in the glories and clear music of spring, ended it looking out from a narrow chamber upon the sullen crimson of the wintry twilight and over fields silent in snow, with the haggard desperate gaze of a lost spirit.”

The period that opened at Montmorency was the most productive one of his life. Within three years from the time of the moral maladies we have been witnessing, Rousseau “had completed not only the *New Heloisa*, the monument of his fall, but the *Social Contract*, which was the most influential, and *Emilius*, which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual, of all the productions of the prolific genius of France in

the eighteenth century." Rousseau completed the *New Héloïsa* in 1759, and published it in 1761; he published the *Social Contract* in the spring of 1762, and *Emilius* a few weeks later. For the last time in his life he was at peace with most of his fellows throughout this period. His new friends at Montmorency were the Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, among the highest people in France, socially and politically.

We have seen the state of mental storm under which the *New Héloïsa* was begun, and now it was to be finished in this period of quiet and serenity. We might expect to find a great difference between the two halves of the romance, knowing how all important his surroundings were on all that Rousseau produced, and such in fact is the case. Morley thinks it curious that "while the first half of the romance is a scene of disorderly passion, the second is the glorification of the family," but it is hard to see what else was to be expected. The *New Héloïsa* "helped to give a new spirit to an epoch. . . . The women between 1760 and the Revolution were intoxicated to such a pitch that they would pay any price for a glass out of which Rousseau had drank; they would kiss a scrap of paper that contained a scrap of his handwriting, and vow that no woman of true sensibility could hesitate to consecrate her life to him if she were only certain to be rewarded by his attachment. The booksellers were unable to meet the demand. The book was let out at the rate of twelve sous a volume, and could not be detained beyond an hour. All classes shared the excitement, courtiers, soldiers, lawyers and bourgeois. . . . In Germany the effect was just as astonishing. Kant only once in his life failed to take his afternoon walk, and this unexampled omission was due to the witchery of the *New Héloïsa*." In numberless indirect ways it brought the manners of the great into contempt, by presenting the happiness of a simple and worthy life, simple, self-sufficing, and homely; but "his book and its chief personage awoke emotion to self-consciousness, gave it a dialect, communicated an impulse in favor of social order, and then very calamitously divorced it from the fundamental conditions of progress, by divorcing it from disciplined intelligence and scientific reason."

Although the *New Héloïsa* contained so much that was revolutionary, it did not involve the author in trouble with the authorities, but this was soon to follow. *Emilius* was completed, and the preparations were made for publishing it. These had to be carried on with much secrecy owing to the severe repressive measures to which the book trade was then subject. One day the printing came to a standstill, and Rousseau was unable to get any reason for this. "Being unable to discover either the cause or manner of it, I remained in the most cruel state of suspense. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to M. de Malesherbes, and to Madam de Luxembourg, and not receiving answers, at least when I expected them, my head became so affected that I was not far from a delirium. I unfortunately heard that Father Griffet, a Jesuit, had spoken of *Emilius*, and repeated from it some passages. My imagination instantly unveiled to me the mystery of iniquity. I saw the whole progress of it as clearly as if it had been revealed to me. I figured to myself that the Jesuits, furious on account of the contemptuous manner in which I had spoken of colleges, were in possession of my work; that it was they who had delayed the publication; that, informed by Guérin of my situation, and foreseeing my approaching dissolution, of which I myself had no manner of doubt, they wished to delay the appearance of the work until after that event, with an intention to curtail and mutilate it, and in favor of their own views, to attribute to me sentiments not my own. The number of facts and circumstances which occurred to my mind, in confirmation of this silly proposition, and gave it an appearance of truth supported by evidence and demonstration, is astonishing. I knew Guérin to be entirely in the interest of the Jesuits.

I attributed to them all the friendly advances he had made me; I was persuaded he had, by their entreaties, pressed me to engage with Néaul, who had given them the first sheets of my work; that they had afterwards found means to stop the printing of it by Duchesne, and perhaps to get possession of the manuscript to make such alterations in it as they should think proper, that after my death they might publish it disguised in their own manner. . . . After having been afraid of the Jesuits, I began to fear the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to party, faction and cabal, I never heard the least good of persons concerned in them. The gossips had quitted their old abode and taken up their residence by the side of me, so that in their chamber everything said in mine and upon the terrace, was distinctly heard, and from their garden it would have been easy to scale the low wall by which it was separated from my alcove. This had become my study; my table was covered with proof sheets of *Emilius* and the *Social Contract*, and stitching these sheets as they were sent to me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were published. My negligence and the confidence I had in M. Mathas, in whose garden I was shut up, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I several times found it wide open; this, however, would not have given me the least inquietude had I not thought my papers seemed to be disarranged. After having several times made the same remark, I became more careful and locked the door. The lock was a bad one, and the key turned in it no more than half round. As I became more attentive, I found my papers in a much greater confusion than they were when I left everything open. At length I missed one of my volumes without knowing what was become of it until the morning of the third day."

There are those who date the first real outbreak of insanity from this time, and hold that Rousseau's suspicions of the Jesuits, then of the Jansenists and finally of the philosophers mark the foundation stones of the delusional system that he soon began to build. Möbius does not hold this opinion, but thinks that it is sufficient to say that Rousseau was physically sick, morbid, lonesome and irritable, and that indeed there were good grounds for his suspicions. However this may be, Rousseau's complaints at this time came perilously near the border line of systematized delusions, a border line that he was soon to cross. All this time he was suffering incessant pain, and passing his nights in sleeplessness and fever.

Emilius appeared at last, and with its appearance Rousseau became a persecuted wanderer, nevermore to enjoy peace or quiet. "On the 11th of June, 1762, the parliament of Paris ordered the book to be burnt by the public executioner, and the writer to be arrested. . . . The grounds of the proceedings were alleged irreligious tendencies to be found in the book." It was for the interest of Madame de Luxembourg and Malesherbes that Rousseau should escape arrest by flight, and he readily agreed to their plans. "After a tearful farewell with Theresa who had hardly been out of his sight for seventeen years, and many embraces from the greater ladies of the castle, he was thrust into a chaise, and despatched on the first stage of eight melancholy years of wandering and despair, to be driven from place to place," writes Morley, "first by the fatuous tyranny of magistrates and religious doctors, and then by the yet more cruel spectres of his own diseased imagination, until at length his whole soul became the home of weariness and torment."

Nothing could better illustrate Rousseau's introspective temperament and show how little hold the actual world had on him than that no sooner was he in the post-chaise than he again fell to musing over the tragic tale of the Levite of Ephraim, where his thoughts had been broken off by the circumstances that brought about his flight. Before the journey was ended he had composed a long and impassioned version of the Bible

story. He has himself characterized his own temperament in this respect: "It is amazing with what ease I forget past ill, however fresh it may be. In proportion as the anticipation of it alarms me and confuses me when I see it coming, so the memory of it returns feebly to my mind and dies out the moment after it has arrived. My cruel imagination, which torments itself incessantly in anticipating woes that are still unborn, makes a diversion for my memory, and hinders me from recalling those that have gone. I exhaust disaster beforehand. The more I have suffered in foreseeing it, the more easily do I forget it, while on the contrary, being incessantly busy with my past happiness, I recall it and brood and ruminate over it, so as to enjoy it over again when I wish."

Rousseau reached the territory of the canton of Berne, where he had remained but a few days before he received word that the Council at Geneva had ordered Emilius and the Social Contract to be publicly burnt. This blow was soon followed by another, for within a fortnight he received notice that he must quit the canton of Berne within fifteen days. He fled into territory that was under the King of Prussia, who gave him permission to remain.

Rousseau lived very plainly and simply, and spent much of the time in botanizing, and on all these excursions he always went bareheaded, even in dog-days, declaring that the action of the sun did him good. He spent three years in this quiet valley, and during this time he adopted the Armenian costume, the vest, furred bonnet, the caftan and the girdle. This adoption of an odd costume is often put in evidence for the unsettling of Rousseau's mind, but too much importance might easily be attached to this circumstance, and we must remember that his physical disorder made such a dress peculiarly appropriate for him. The Duke of Luxembourg and his wife did not think that vanity and a desire to attract attention had anything to do with the adoption of the costume.

He was not allowed to enjoy his retreat in peace, but was attacked by the clergy, beginning with the Archbishop of Paris, and then by the minister of Motiers, who had at first felt highly honored when Rousseau came to his communion. How great a part Rousseau played in the politics of the time is seen from the fact that his condemnation in 1762 by the Council of Geneva had divided the city into two parties, the point at issue being political rather than religious; for "to take Rousseau's side was to protest against the oligarchic authority which had condemned him, and the quarrel about Emilius was only an episode in the long war between the popular and aristocratic parties." Rousseau answered his persecutors in the *Letters from the Mountain* (1764), and an examination of these letters shows how unjust and illegal was the treatment Rousseau received from the authorities of his native city.

These letters involved him in fresh troubles, for the parliament of Paris ordered the *Letters from the Mountain* to be burned. But this was not the end. In 1765 a terrible libel on Rousseau appeared, full of the coarsest calumnies. He wrongly attributed it to a Genevese pastor, and refused to believe the pastor's disavowal. The clergy then attacked Rousseau, and he was warned not to present himself at the next communion. Rousseau would have been excommunicated but for the intervention of the King's officials; but the pastor stirred up his flock against him, and the people were told that Anti-Christ was among them. The Armenian apparel added to the plausibility of this notion. His botanizing was thought to be for noxious herbs, and he was accused of poisoning a man who had died. A block of stone was placed so as to kill him if he opened the door, and at length an attempt was made one night to stone him in his house. This was too much for his fortitude and he fled from the valley on Sept. 10, 1765, having been there three years.

He sought the Isle of St. Peter, in the Lake of Bienné, but unfortunately this was under the jurisdiction of the canton of Berne, and after he had been there but a short time he was ordered to quit the territory within fifteen days. In this dire extremity he made the following extraordinary request. He wrote to the representative of the authorities: "In this extremity I see only one resource for me, and however frightful it may appear, I will adopt it, not only without repugnance, but with eagerness, if their excellencies will be good enough to give their consent. It is that it should please them for me to pass the rest of my days in prison in one of their castles, or such other place in their States as they may think fit to select. I will there live at my own expense, and will give security never to put them to any cost. I submit to be without paper or pen, or any communication from without, except so far as may be absolutely necessary, and through the channel of those who shall have charge of me. Only let me have left, with the use of a few books, the liberty to walk occasionally in a garden, and I am content. Do not suppose that an expedient so violent in appearance is the fruit of despair. My mind is perfectly calm at this moment; I have taken time to think about it, and it is only after profound consideration that I have brought myself to this decision. Mark, I pray you, that if this seems an extraordinary resolution, my situation is still more so. The distracted life that I have been made to lead for several years without intermission would be terrible for a man in full health; judge what it must be for a miserable invalid worn down with weariness and misfortune, and who has no wish save only to die in a little peace."

He was not allowed even this poor privilege, and after considering in turn Vienna, Normandy, Lorraine, Potsdam, Holland, Corsica and Berlin, it was finally determined by his friends that he should go to England, and on Dec. 17, 1765, he found himself in Paris on his way to London.

Rousseau was accompanied to England by David Hume, to whom Lord Marischal had told the story of his persecutions four years previous, and Hume had offered to find a refuge for him in England. On January 13, 1766, they reached London, and Hume's charge excited much interest and had much attention shown him in London. Rousseau was anxious to leave the capital, and after several changes he was finally settled at Wootton, in Derbyshire, in a house belonging to a Mr. Davenport.

He was entirely ignorant of the language, and was without companionship except that of Theresa, in whose conduct, even while they were at Motiers, Rousseau had thought he perceived a growing coolness. After two months of solitude at Wootton, a fierce quarrel sprang up between Hume and Rousseau, one of the most famous of the quarrels of distinguished men. We have seen how the ground was gradually being prepared for an outbreak of mental disease, and this was now to come.

Hume was accused of being a member of an accursed triumvirate, of which Voltaire and D'Alembert were the other members. Their object was to blacken Rousseau's character and render his life miserable. Two letters that had appeared gave Rousseau great pain; one was the letter to Dr. Pansophe, and the other the letter of the King of Prussia to J. J. Rousseau. In the first, Rousseau is characterized as an idle hypocrite; in it Voltaire's pen was recognized by everyone. The letter from the King of Prussia appeared while Hume and Rousseau were in Paris. It is as follows: "My dear Jean Jacques: You have renounced Geneva, your native place. You have caused your expulsion from Switzerland, a country so extolled in your writings; France has issued a warrant against you, so do you come to me. I admire your talents; I am amused by your dreamings, though let me tell you they absorb you too

much and far too long. You must at length be sober and happy; you have caused enough talk about yourself by oddities which in truth are hardly becoming a really great man. Prove to your enemies that you can now and then have common sense. That will annoy them and do you no harm. My states offer you a peaceful retreat. I wish you well, and will treat you well if you will let me. But if you persist in refusing my help, do not reckon on my telling any one that you did so. If you are bent on tormenting your spirit to find new misfortunes, choose whatever you like best. I am a king and can procure them for you at your pleasure; and what will certainly never happen to you in respect of your enemies, I will cease to persecute you as soon as you cease to take pride in being persecuted. Your good friend, Frederick."

Rousseau at first suspected Voltaire of writing the letter, then D'Alembert; it was in reality written by Horace Walpole, to whom Rousseau had been introduced by Hume for the sake of entrusting some papers to Walpole to carry to England. Hume never told the world that the piece was a forgery, and he did not break with Walpole. It was horrible for Rousseau to think he had been deceived in Hume. He struggled against this view for a long time, but suspicion after suspicion developed, and finally the whole web became clear. He saw that he was the victim of a devilish plot. Repeated suggestions brought no answer from Hume, and Rousseau resolved to become explicit. On the 23d of June he wrote, "I know you, sir, and you know me. . . . Moved by your generosity I threw myself into your arms. You conducted me to England, apparently to furnish me with a refuge, but in reality in order to dishonor me. You devote yourself to this noble work with a zeal worthy of your noble heart, and a dexterity worthy of your powers."

At this attack Hume demanded explanations, and on July 10, 1766 Rousseau gave them in a long letter, the contents of which are somewhat as follows.

Rousseau realizes that he cannot furnish a judicial proof, his view depends entirely on his own conviction. He will openly and honorably relate the whole acquaintance, and call Hume's conscience to judgment, always speaking of Hume in the third person. He describes the beginning of their relations, their meeting together, their arrival in England, the brilliant reception in London, Hume's endeavors to procure him friends, and his other good acts. Hume had persuaded Rousseau to have his portrait painted, and taken pains to procure him a royal pension. Rousseau had declared that he would thankfully accept this pension, if Lord Keith would give his permission. Then followed the search for a residence and the settling at Wootton. "Then I thought that all my suffering had come to an end, but no, here it began to be more cruel than I had ever perceived." Rousseau narrates how since his arrival the tone of London has changed, how the journals follow him with scorn and sneers. "Since I am so accustomed to the fickleness of the public I do not wonder greatly at this abrupt change or over this singular unanimity, since not one of those who while absent made me so many promises has come forward and remembered me now that I am here. I found it odd that directly after the return of Mr. Hume, who enjoyed so great a reputation in London, who had so much influence with the authors and publishers, and who had such numerous associations, his presence should have had such entirely different consequences from what one would have expected from it, that not one of his friends should have showed himself to be one of mine. That those who spoke were not his enemies was clear since they praised his character." It had still further astonished him that in their personal intercourse his tone had become different. Hume's friends should have continually endeavored to show him attention, but the nature of their behaviour had changed.

Hume had made himself suspected through exaggerated flatteries, and had spoken insipid praises instead of the words of true friendship. In their intercourse Hume had given the impression that he did not wish so much to secure good will for Rousseau as assistance. Although Hume knew that Rousseau's pocket was not empty, yet more or less injurious offers were continually being made, as if Rousseau wished to live at the public cost. Yet let it be granted that this charity was offered with good intentions.

"Let us go still further. It is known that a false letter of the King of Prussia has appeared in Paris which is directed against me, and is full of the cruelest malice. I hear that this was written by a Mr. Walpole, a friend of yours. I ask if this is true, but instead of any answer Mr. Hume asks me from whom I know it. . . . I understand that the son of that fool Tronchin, my deadliest enemy, is not only the friend and favorite of Mr. Hume, but even lives with him. Mr. Hume replies that this is true, but remarks that the son is not like the father. . . . The letters that I write do not arrive; those that I receive have all been opened, and all pass through Mr. Hume's hands. If one escapes him he cannot conceal the burning desire to see it." Rousseau then cites an instance of Hume's desire to look over his letters. "After supper, as we were seated around the fire, I noticed that he looked at me fixedly, as was often the case with him, and in a way that is hard to describe. This time his dry, hot, mocking look made me more than restless. I tried to look at him in return, but as my eyes encountered his I felt an unaccountable shiver, and I soon had to cast mine down. The expression and the voice of the good David are those of a good man, but from where, good God, does this good man get the eyes with which he fixes his friends? The impression of that look remains and convulses me. My unrest increases to the point of consternation. . . . Soon after I had some qualms of conscience, and in a moment of transport I threw my arms about his neck and closely embraced him, and called out with broken voice, 'No, no, David Hume is no traitor; were he not the best of men he would be the blackest of villains.' David returned my embrace heartily, and while he repeatedly patted my back, he kept saying, 'What, my dear sir! Oh! my dear sir! What is the trouble, my dear sir?' but said nothing beyond this. I felt as though my heart was cramped. Then we went to sleep, and on the morn I left for the provinces." He found no rest at Wootton. "Surrounded by the cruelest uncertainty, not knowing what I had to think of a man whom I loved so much, I tried to free myself from my horrible doubt, and to regain my trust in my benefactor. Why did he have externally so much zeal for my welfare while at heart he was planning my dishonor? Each individual fact was without such great importance, and it was only when taken together that they were so astonishing. Perhaps Mr. Hume could have given a satisfactory explanation. The great mystery was that he did not of himself offer the explanation which his honor and his friendship demanded."

At last Rousseau wrote a letter to Hume in which, on the one hand, he showed his gratitude, and, on the other, he could not conceal his disquiet. Hume in his answer had shown himself not at all disturbed; had written with cordiality of various things. "I was disturbed by this silence even more than I had been by his coolness in our last conversation. I was wrong; this silence after the other was very natural and I should have expected it, since if one dares to say to a man's face, 'I am tempted to consider you a villain,' and this man has not the curiosity to know why, then we must assume that he will not have such a curiosity during his whole life, and if the proofs do not in the least trouble him, then this man stands condemned." Rousseau now decides to break off his intercourse with Hume, and in this conclusion he became confirmed

when he learned from Theresa that Hume had inquired about his circumstances. This curiosity of Hume's in wishing to know Rousseau's every source of income had disturbed him before, and so this questioning behind his back was doubly against him. A new thrust was given by acquaintance with the letter of the King of Prussia, and this was now printed in French and English in the journals. "Instantly a light came to me as to the secret source of the astonishing and speedy revolution in public feeling, and I beheld in Paris the seat of the plot that came to a head in London." He thought D'Alembert to be the author of the letter, and remembered that Hume had been much prepossessed with D'Alembert. "The reading of this letter disturbed me greatly, since I knew that I had been made the object of a plot, the execution of which had just begun, and the limits of which were unknown to me. After I had been decoyed to England I felt the danger without knowing where it lay or how I could guard myself. Then occurred to me the four terrible words of Mr. Hume, of which I will soon speak." The letter, to his mind, was designed to take away people's interest in him, and even to excite anger against him. "But my sorrow, the deepest and bitterest grief that I suffered was not from the danger by which I was surrounded. I had endured too much of this to be particularly moved by it. The treachery of a false friend, whose booty I was, filled my all too sensitive heart with dejection and deadly sorrow. In the violence of my first agitation, which I could not control, and which my skillful enemies wished to bring on, I wrote a letter full of incoherence, in which I did not conceal either my uneasiness or my rebellion." Rousseau then calls attention to the fact that certain letters written in his favor, the printing of which Hume wished to oversee, had not appeared, as the letter of Dupeyron on the occurrences at Motiers. "When the false letter of the King of Prussia and its translation appeared, I understood why the other writings had been concealed." He allowed an explanation to be printed in the journals, in which he energetically characterized that false letter as a coarse fraud and gave expression to his bitter feelings. "Up to this time Mr. Hume appears to have proceeded in the dark. From now on you shall see him go forward in the light and without covering. When that false letter of the King of Prussia was published in London, Mr. Hume, who without doubt knew that it was forged, since I had told him so, neither said nor wrote anything. He kept silence and did not once think to give an explanation of the true state of the case for the benefit of his absent friend. . . . Since Mr. Hume had brought me to England he was in a certain sense my protector. If it was natural that he should defend me, so it was not less natural that I should turn to him first for a published protest. I turned to some one else. The first blow on the cheek of my patron." In his explanation Rousseau had said that no matter who the author was, he had accomplices in England, and that this circumstance had broken his heart.

Still another libel appeared. Rousseau did not take much notice of it, and the public too had become tired of these things. Hume came back to the matter of the royal pension, obtained this for Rousseau, and informed him of the honor of the King. Rousseau was thrown into the greatest embarrassment; if he accepted it, he would thus be receiving a favor from an enemy, whom he looked on as his betrayer; if he declined it, he would hurt the feelings of the King and appear to be a fickle, imperious and thankless man. He chose the expedient of writing to Gen. Conway, and in a somewhat involved manner expressed his thankfulness as well as his inability to accept. "Mr. Hume has meditated in the affair, and has conducted it alone. I did not answer him at all, and in my letter I said no word of him. The third blow on the cheek of my patron; . . . he felt nothing of it." This was the time

of the appearance of Voltaire's letter. While other acquaintances of Rousseau were mentioned in this, Hume's name was not mentioned at all. This surprised Rousseau and made him suspect that Hume had a share in the publication. Hume's friends were Rousseau's enemies, Tronchin, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and in London he had no other enemies except Hume's friends. "One discovers the web that has been spun in London since my arrival, and we shall see if it is not in Hume's hand that the threads are collected together. When finally the moment had come to strike the great blow, some one has prepared it by a new satirical composition." This piece convinced Rousseau fully and completely of Hume's faithlessness, since it showed designs that could only spring from him. It was said in it that Rousseau opened his doors to the great and shut them to the small; that Hume had guided Rousseau's entire course. Rousseau was cold towards his relatives; he had in Hume's presence coldly received a cousin. Rousseau was not only convinced that Hume had furnished the material for this composition, but also thought that Hume had done it with a view of letting Rousseau recognize his authorship, and thereby irritate him to anger. Hume struck the "great blow" by writing to Gen. Conway that the source of Rousseau's delay was the wish of the King that nothing be said about the pension, and as the General answered favorably, he sent a very friendly letter to Rousseau that he would receive the pension without that condition. "That was the deciding moment, the goal, the subject of all his endeavors. He wanted an answer. He wished it. Since I could not exempt myself from it he sent to Mr. Davenport an abstract of his letter, and not content with this precautionary measure, he wrote to me in another letter that he could no longer remain at my service in London. I almost fainted as I read this note." He now had the longed-for answer, and can triumphantly designate Rousseau as a monster of thanklessness. He had more, as he received from Rousseau an accusatory letter. "This stroke proves all and without contradiction." Rousseau once more goes through all the particulars cited by him, and comes to the conclusion that only a fool, and not such a sharp witted man as Hume could have deceived himself up to this time over Rousseau's apprehensions; that Hume, while he appeared unprejudiced and friendly, in spite of all his trustful signs in reality acted a part, since, while he continued showing kindness to Rousseau, he still pursued a hostile purpose. Hume must know that Rousseau did not esteem him, and that on this account he could receive no more favors from him. In spite of this he exerted himself in Rousseau's interest while pursuing a wicked plan. Hume said to himself: Now is the time for action, for, since I urge Rousseau to accept the pension, he must either accept it or send it back. If he accepts it, then I completely dishonor him with the proofs I have at hand. If he refuses it after he has formerly declared his willingness, and that pretext is withdrawn from him, then he must say why. That is what I wait for. If he accuses me he is lost. Only under the supposition of such a process of thought as this is Hume's course explicable to Rousseau. "The critical condition into which he had brought me reminds me of the four words I have mentioned before, and which I heard him speak and repeat at the time when I did not understand their significance at all. It was the first night of our journey from Paris. We were sleeping in the same room, and several times during the night I heard him call out in French with great vehemence, 'I have Jean Jacques Rousseau. I do not know whether he is awake or asleep.'" In spite of the fact that Rousseau interpreted the words at that time in a good sense, he was frightened at the tone in which they were spoken. "It was a tone of which I can give no idea and completely corresponded to the look which I mentioned earlier. Every time he spoke these words I felt a shudder that I could not master." He had forgotten the

occurrence and it came to his mind again for the first time in Wootton. "These words, whose tones resounded in my heart as if they had just been spoken, the long and terrible looks which he directed at me so often, the striking of the back with the words 'My dear sir,' as an answer to the suspicion that he was a traitor, all frightened me in view of the other things, to such a degree that these remembrances will banish forever all trust from my heart. There was not a night in which the words, I have Jean Jacques Rousseau, did not sound in my ears as if I heard them anew. Yes, Mr. Hume, you have me, I know it. All the prejudices are in your favor. . . . It costs you nothing to let me appear as a monster, in the way you have already begun, and I already hear the barbaric rejoicings of my enemies." The public also is for Hume, since he can point to the services he has rendered Rousseau, and all will praise the one who has rendered the services, since they themselves would like to receive such. Intelligent people will indeed judge otherwise, but in this it matters little, and they are not of those who make a noise. Rousseau can only reckon on the consolation of his conscience. He will have the scorn of men, and to the end, in misfortune as well as in fortune, he will do that which he thinks honorable and right. "My body is weakened, but never was my soul stronger." He wonders that he has found the strength for this letter. "If one could die from grief I should have died at every line of this." Finally, he still leaves room for doubt. He sees a gulf on both sides. He is the unluckiest of men if Hume is guilty; he is the most contemptible if he is innocent. Still he will prefer the latter case. "If you are guilty, do not write me. . . . If you are innocent, think it worth while to vindicate yourself. I recognize my duty. I love you and will continue to love you, hard as it may be. Once more, consider it worth while to justify yourself; if you are guilty, adieu forever."

The preceding extract quoted by Möbius from this long letter is necessary to give an idea of Rousseau's mental condition at this time, for here, beyond any doubt are the first marked signs of paranoia, the first indubitable evidence of insanity. It is not possible here to enter into a discussion of these charges against Hume. Without doubt Rousseau had some reason to be dissatisfied with Hume's coldness and failure to appreciate his feelings, but throughout the acquaintance Hume had shown himself to be a true friend to Rousseau and never to have had in mind anything but his good.

As not infrequently happens in delusions of persecution, there was a basis of fact for Rousseau's accusations, for Hume might have set matters right to some extent by publishing his knowledge of the falsity of the letter of the King of Prussia, yet the manner in which all the circumstances are twisted and perverted by Rousseau, and Hume's most innocent acts misinterpreted, and the complete web of a delusional system of persecution formed, all show the formal systematization of the delusions of a paranoiac. It was not in his condemnation of Hume that his morbidness lay, but in the fact that he saw in Hume's behavior and in almost everything that befel him in England the results of a deep laid plan, and recognized everywhere the conspiracy to injure him. Many of the circumstances are so easy to explain that Rousseau could not have misunderstood them without a morbid blindness. It is scarcely possible that even in Paris Rousseau should not have known how closely allied Hume was to all the literary celebrities, and also to his own enemies, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and others. Instead of wondering at the attacks which he suffered in London, Rousseau, to whom the methods of thought and influence of Voltaire were well known, should have recognized in the forged letter the natural reaction against his brilliant reception in London. It is not to be doubted at all that

Voltaire's envy and hatred were excited by the honor that had been shown Rousseau.

Möbius, from whom we have just been quoting, thinks it could scarcely have escaped Rousseau that his relations to his housekeeper gave offense to English society, and that on this account many people showed a different aspect after Theresa's arrival.

Möbius rightly assumes that the insane character of Rousseau's letter will be evident even to the laity, as well as the delusional character of the inferences and deductions with regard to the pension; of especial importance is the scene by the fireside, and Hume's calling out at night. To attach such secret importance to the looks and voice of suspected persons that these call forth an unaccountable shudder is the very essence of paranoia.

We shall see from now on, says Möbius, how in Rousseau's life there soon comes an ebb and flow of excitement, alternating with quiet. The strong excitement in Hume's case is the first wave. The storm lulled again, but what had arisen in him remained ever afterward the chief fact of his existence; the idea of a plot, as great as it was secret, of which he was the victim, was never absent from his mind. He remained convinced, also, that his judgment and treatment of Hume were completely right.

In commenting on Rousseau's condition at this time Möbius remarks that hallucinations appear never to have been present, and that his insanity consisted throughout in a false interpretation of actual occurrences. On the other hand Rousseau's undoubted veracity is made evident by innumerable proofs, and there is no reason to doubt his actual statements. Indeed it is often hard to say where observation ceases and conclusions from the observation begin.

The quarrel with Hume was a great blow to Rousseau. Hume's "concise rejoinder" appeared, and Rousseau's "boundless pride," "unthankfulness," and "hypocrisy," became matters of common report. The French edition of the rejoinder appeared with a preface glorifying Hume, and it afterwards appeared that D'Alembert had assisted in this. The great mathematician wrote later, "Jean Jacques is a wild beast that one dares to touch only behind iron bars, and with a stick."

In newspapers, pamphlets and letters, the hostility raged against Rousseau. He allowed the storm to roar away, sighed and kept silence. More and more he saw the number of his friends diminish. If the two ladies, Bouffiers and Verdelin, had before this been objects of suspicion to him, since they had brought about his connection with Hume, he now completely lost trust in them as they wrote him reproachful letters. And now, also, the one man whom he had cherished in the highest degree, and whom he had never before doubted, Lord Keith, appeared to turn away from him. One reads with painful emotion Rousseau's letter, in which with expressions of tender regard he implored his friend to give him some sign, but in vain; the marshal remained mute, and Rousseau had to give him up.

Deeply as these experiences wounded Rousseau, feeling as he did that he was destined to be "henceforth disgraced in the eyes of men, and to stand forth degraded," yet his elastic nature quickly recovered itself as the excitement died out. All his thoughts turned toward quiet; he wished to be forgotten by the world, and so far as he could, to forget it. Botany, which had before served him in time of trouble, again became his diversion. He would read only botanical books, and would speak only of plants with his friends.

In fair weather Rousseau was scarcely ever in the house, but in poor weather, and in the cold season of the year he busied himself, in addition to reading botanical books, in writing the memoirs of his youth. The plan of writing his life had been conceived at Montmorency, and

with this object in mind he had examined and arranged his letters in Motiers, and as the papers were fortunately in England he began to write down his "Confessions." It cannot be doubted that from the beginning Rousseau had the idea of doing this in the way he actually did it. The attacks that had been made on his personal character, especially the abuse of the "*Sentiment des Citoyens*," had given him the idea of answering his enemies in this way, by showing himself in complete truth to nature, unveiled in evil as well as in good, so that if any one accused him of other badness he would be able to call such statements untruths.

As his introduction to the "Confessions" throws much light on his mind at this time, it may properly find a place here.

"I have entered on a performance that is without example, whose accomplishment will have no imitator. I mean to present my fellow-mortals with a man in all the integrity of nature; and this man shall be myself.

"I know my heart and have studied mankind; I am not made like any one I have been acquainted with, perhaps like no one in existence; if not better, I at least claim originality, and whether nature did wisely in breaking the mould with which she formed me, can only be determined after having read this work.

"Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will present myself before the Sovereign Judge with this book in my hand and loudly proclaim, thus have I acted; these were my thoughts; such was I. With equal freedom and veracity have I related what was laudable or wicked, I have concealed no crimes, added no virtues; and if I have sometimes introduced superfluous ornament, it was merely to occupy a void occasioned by defect of memory: I may have supposed that certain, which I only knew to be probable, but have never asserted as truth a conscious falsehood. Such as I was, I have declared myself; sometimes vile and despicable, at others virtuous, generous and sublime; even as Thou hast read my immortal soul, Power Eternal! Assemble round Thy throne an innumerable throng of my fellow-mortals, let them listen to my confessions, let them blush at my depravity, let them tremble at my sufferings, let each in his turn expose with equal sincerity the failings, the wanderings of his heart, and, if he dare, aver, *I was better than that man.*"

Of this introduction Morley says: "The exaltation of the opening page of the Confessions is shocking. No monk nor saint ever wrote anything more revolting in its blasphemous self-feeling. But the exaltation almost instantly became calm, when the course of the story necessarily drew the writer into objective facts, even muffled as they were by memory and imagination. The brooding over old reminiscence soothed him, the labor of composition occupied him, and he forgot, as the modern reader would never know from internal evidence, that he was preparing a vindication of his life and character against the infamies with which Hume and others were supposed to be industriously blackening them."

The condition of quiet which Rousseau enjoyed in his botany and in writing his "Confessions" continued until the spring of 1767. During the winter a misunderstanding had arisen between him and his host, Mr. Davenport, although but little is known with regard to the circumstances. At this time there were quarrels between Theresa and the servants, and this added to Rousseau's annoyance, and his agitation began to increase. He thought that his correspondence was everywhere watched, that he was everywhere surrounded by spies, and that his enemies were upon the point of taking possession of the manuscript of his "Confessions." He writes to Dupeyron: "On all sides I am in the snare, and am unable to bring myself out of it. In the hands of everyone, I can carry out no plan for freeing myself. Oh, miserable fate!

Oh, my friend, pray for me! It seems to me that I have not deserved the sufferings that bear me down."

To free him from the care of his papers Dupeyron asked an acquaintance to go to Wootton and take the writings in charge. Still Rousseau was not quieted. He had reached the conclusion that the people who brought and opened his letters, the postal authorities, and in short the whole world, were in the service of his enemies, and that it was designed to break off all intercourse with him and thereby to rob him not only of assistance, but even of sustenance.

Further residence at Wootton now became unbearable, and on the first of May he suddenly ran away with Theresa, leaving money, papers, and all else behind. After a fortnight Mr. Davenport received a letter from him dated at Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

Mr. Davenport sent a servant to Spalding to accompany Rousseau back, but before he reached there the poor creature had again disappeared. To the village parson he had appeared cheerful and good humored, and they had spent several hours in company each day. While in Spalding he wrote a long letter to the Lord Chancellor praying that he would appoint a guard at Rousseau's own expense to escort him in safety out of the kingdom where enemies were plotting his life. At Dover, where he was next heard of, he wrote a letter to Gen. Conway setting forth his delusion in full form. He is the victim of a plot; the conspirators will not allow him to leave the island, lest he should divulge in other countries the outrages to which he has been subjected here; he perceives the sinister manœuvres that will arrest him if he attempts to put his foot on board ship. But he warns them that his tragical disappearance cannot take place without creating inquiry. Still if Gen. Conway will only let him go he gives his word of honor that he will not publish a line of the memoirs he has written nor ever divulge the wrongs he has suffered in England. "I see my last hour approaching," he concluded; "I am determined if necessary to advance to meet it, and to perish or be free; there is no longer any other alternative." On the same evening that he wrote this letter he took boat and landed at Calais, where he seems at once to have recovered his composure.

We have followed Rousseau's career up to this point with considerable minuteness, and have attempted to show how one event logically followed another; how from birth he was the slave of his temperament, always yielding to the pleasant and agreeable, never choosing the harder part if it were to result in a loss of sensuous enjoyment. To the psychologist no historical character is more worthy of study; to the alienist the story of his life affords an unmatched clinical history of the evolution of systematized delusions of persecution. It is not possible here to follow in detail the further particulars of his mental disease, and the remaining events must be passed over rapidly.

After landing at Calais he was secretly conveyed by the Marquis of Mirabeau to Fleury, but remained here only a few weeks. Then he was installed by the Prince of Conti at Tyre, one of his country seats, where he went by the name of Renou.

Of the remaining years of his life we may let Morley speak, for he tells in striking language of the clouded life of a person suffering with chronic delusional insanity.

"Rousseau remained for a year at Tyre (June, 1767—June, 1768), composing the second part of the "Confessions," in a condition of extreme mental confusion. Dusky phantoms walked with him once more. He knew the gardener, the servants, the neighbors, all to be in the pay of Hume, and that he was watched day and night with a view to his destruction. He entirely gave up either reading or writing, save a very small number of letters, and he declared that to take up the pen

even for these was like lifting a load of iron. The only interest he had was botany, and for this his passion became daily more intense. He appears to have been as contented as a child, so long as he could employ himself in long expeditions in search of new plants, in arranging a herbarium, in watching the germ of some rare seed which needed careful tending. But the story had once more the same conclusion. He fled from Tyre as he had fled from Wootton. He meant apparently to go to Chambéri, drawn by the deep magnetic force of old memories that seemed long extinct. But at Grenoble, on his way thither he encountered a substantial grievance. A man alleged that he had lent Rousseau a few francs seven years previously. He was undoubtedly mistaken, and was fully convicted of his mistake by the proper authorities, but Rousseau's correspondents suffered none the less for that. We all know when monomania seizes a man, how adroitly and how eagerly it colors every incident. The mistaken claim was proof demonstrative of that frightful and tenebrous conspiracy, which they might have thought a delusion hitherto, but which, alas, this showed to be only too tragically real; and so on, through many pages of droning wretchedness. Then we find him at Bourgoin, where he spent some months in shabby taverns, and then many months more at Monquin on adjoining uplands. The estrangement from Theresa, of which enough has been said already, was added to his other torments. He resolved, as so many of the self-tortured have done since, to go in search of happiness to the western lands beyond the Atlantic, where the elixir of bliss is thought by the wearied among us to be inexhaustible and assured. Almost in the same page he turns his face eastward, and dreams of ending his days peacefully among the islands of the Grecian archipelago. Next he gravely, not only designed, but actually took measures, to return to Wootton. All was no more than the momentary incoherent purpose of a sick man's dream, the weary distraction of one who had deliberately devoted himself to isolation from his fellows, without first sitting down carefully to count the cost, or to measure the inner resources which he possessed to meet the deadly strain that isolation puts on every one of a man's mental fibres. Geographical loneliness is to some a condition of their fullest strength, but most of the few who dare to make a moral solitude for themselves, find that they have assuredly not made peace. Such solitude, as South said of the study of the Apocalypse, either finds a man mad or leaves him so. Not all can play the stoic who will, and it is still more certain that one who like Rousseau has lain down with the doctrine that in all things imaginable it is impossible for him to do at all what he cannot do with pleasure, will end in a condition of profound and hopeless impotence in respect to pleasure itself.

"In July, 1770, he made his way to Paris, and here he remained eight years longer, not without the introduction of a certain degree of order into his outer life, though the clouds of vague suspicion and distrust, half bitter, half mournful, hung heavily as ever upon his mind. The Dialogues, which he wrote at this time to vindicate his memory from the defamation that was to be launched in a dark torrent upon the world at the moment of his death, could not possibly have been written by a man in his right mind. Yet the best of the Musings, which were written still nearer the end, are masterpieces in the style of contemplative prose. The third, the fifth, the seventh, especially abound in that even, full, mellow gravity of tone which is so rare in literature, because the deep absorption of spirit which is its source is so rare in life. They reveal Rousseau to us with a truth beyond that attained in any of his other pieces—a mournful sombre figure, looming shadowily in the dark glow of sundown among sad and desolate places. There is nothing like them in the French tongue, which is the speech of the clear, the cheerful, or the august among men; nothing like this sonorous plainsong,

the strangely melodious expression in the music of prose of a darkened spirit which yet had imaginative visions of beatitude. . . . Rousseau seems to have repulsed nearly all his ancient friends, and to have settled down with dogged resolve to his old trade of copying music. In summer he rose at five, copied music until half-past seven; munched his breakfast, arranging on paper during the process such plants as he had gathered the previous afternoon; then he returned to his work, dined at half-past twelve, and went forth to take coffee at some public place. He would not return from his walk until night-fall, and he retired at half-past ten. The pavements of Paris were hateful to him because they tore his feet, and, said he, with deeply significant antithesis, 'I am not afraid of death, but I dread pain.' He always found his way as fast as possible to one of the suburbs, and one of his greatest delights was to watch Mont Valérin at sunset. 'Atheists,' he said calumniously, 'do not love the country; they like the environs of Paris, where you have all the pleasures of the city, good cheer, books, pretty women; but if you take these things away, then they die of weariness.' The note of every bird held him attentive, and filled his mind with delicious images. A graceful story is told of two swallows who made a nest in Rousseau's sleeping-room, and hatched the eggs there. 'I was no more than a doorkeeper for them,' he said, 'for I kept opening the window for them every moment. They used to fly with a great stir round my head, until I fulfilled the duties of the tacit convention between these swallows and me.'"

In 1772 he became acquainted with Bernardin de St. Pierre, author of the immortal *Paul and Virginia*, and for a time their friendship was warm and cordial. St. Pierre has given some graceful pictures of Rousseau's life at this time. Of Rousseau himself he says: "He was thin and of middle height; one shoulder struck me as higher than the other . . . otherwise he was very well proportioned. He had a brown complexion, some color on his cheek-bones, a good mouth, a well-made nose, a rounded and lofty brow, and eyes full of fire. The oblique lines falling from the nostrils to the extremity of the lips, and marking a physiognomy, in his case expressed great sensibility and something even painful. One observed in his case three or four of the characteristics of melancholy—the deep receding eyes and the elevation of the eyebrows: you saw profound sadness in the wrinkles of the brow; a keen and even caustic gaiety in a thousand little creases at the corners of the eyes, of which the orbits entirely disappeared when he laughed."

All went smoothly for a time between the two friends, but finally St. Pierre shared the fate of his predecessors. Once more we will let Morley tell the story, and this time to the end. "Things did not continue to go thus smoothly. One day St. Pierre went to see him, and was received without a word, and with stiff and gloomy mien. He tried to talk but only got monosyllables; he took up a book, and this drew a sarcasm which sent him forth from the room. For more than two months they did not meet. At length they had an accidental encounter at a street corner. Rousseau accosted St. Pierre, and with a gradually warming sensibility proceeded thus: 'There are days when I want to be alone, and crave privacy. I come back from my solitary expeditions so calm and contented. There I have not been wanting to anybody, nor has anybody been wanting to me,' and so on. He expressed this humour more pointedly on some other occasion, when he said that there were times in which he fled from the eyes of men as from Parthian arrows. As one said who knew from experience, the fate of his most intimate friend depended on a word or a gesture. Another of them declared that he knew Rousseau's style of discarding a friend by letter so thoroughly that he could supply Rousseau's place in illness or absence. . . . With Gluck he seems to have quarrelled for setting his music to French

words, when he must have known that Italian was the only tongue fit for music. Yet it was remarked that no one ever heard him speak ill of others. His enemies, the figures of his delusion, were vaguely denounced in many dronings, but they remained in dark shadows and were unnamed. When Voltaire paid his famous last visit to the capital (1778), some one thought of paying court to Rousseau by making a mock of the triumphal reception of the old warrior, but Rousseau harshly checked the detractor. . . . He was extremely poor these last eight years of his life. He seems to have drawn the pension which George III had settled on him, for not more than one year. We do not know why he refused to receive it afterwards. A well-meaning friend, when the arrears amounted to between six and seven thousand francs, applied for it on his behalf, and a draft for the money was sent. Rousseau gave the offender a vigorous rebuke for meddling in affairs that did not concern him, and the draft was destroyed. Other attempts to induce him to draw this money failed equally. Yet he had only about fifty pounds a year to live on, together with the modest amount he earned by copying music.

"The sting of indigence began to make itself felt towards 1777. His health became worse, and he could not work. Theresa was waxing old and could no longer attend to the small cares of the household. More than one person offered them shelter and provision, and the old distractions as to a home in which to end his days began once again. At length M. Girardin prevailed upon him to come and live at Ermenonville, one of his estates about twenty miles from Paris. A dense cloud of obscure misery hangs over the last months of this forlorn existence. No tragedy had ever a fifth act so squalid. Theresa's character seems to have developed into something truly bestial. Rousseau's terrors of the designs of his enemies returned with great violence. He thought he was imprisoned, and he knew that he had no means of escape. One day (July 2, 1778), suddenly, and without a single warning symptom, all drew to an end; the sensations which had been the ruling part of his life were affected by pleasure and pain no more, the dusky phantoms all vanished into space. The surgeons reported that the cause of his death was apoplexy, but a suspicion has haunted the world ever since that he destroyed himself by a pistol shot. We cannot tell. There is no inherent improbability in the fact of his having committed suicide. In the New Heloïsa he had thrown the conditions which justified self-destruction into a distinct formula. Fifteen years before he had declared that his own case fell within the conditions which he had described, and that he was meditating action. Only seven years before he had implied that a man had the right to deliver himself of the burden of his own life, if its miseries were intolerable and irremediable. This, however, counts for nothing in the absence of some kind of positive evidence, and of that there is just enough to leave the manner of his end a little doubtful. Once more, we cannot tell.

"By the serene moonrise of a summer night, his body was put under ground on an island in the midst of a small lake, where poplars throw shadows over the still water, silently figuring the destiny of mortals. Here it remained for sixteen years. Then amid the roar of cannon, the crash of trumpet and drum, and the wild acclamations of a populace gone mad in exultation, terror, fury, it was ordered that the poor dust should be transported to the national temple of great men."

V.—MISCELLANEOUS.

Erster Nachtrag zur Bibliographie des modernen Hypnotismus. MAX DES-SOIR, 1890. pp. 44.

The excellent bibliography published by this author in 1888 here re-